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Ghosts: أشباح

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Ghosts

The sky was beautiful and blue,
Trees were green and in flower
The mountains quiet and content.
Suddenly, the sky blackened,
The wind blew stormy and cold.
We became prisoners in our homes.

The darkness now covers us,
And we travel alone,
Without family and friends
Through black smoke. We travel
Through crowded streets,
In big, unfamiliar cities.
We hide in strangers' homes,
Far away from loved ones.

The cold and stormy winds, my love,
Like angry tyrants chase us,
Threaten, destroy and foam,
Until they find us even in the clouds,

أشباح

السماء زرقاء صافية !
جار الأش خضراء مزهرة
الجبـال شامخة قانعة
وفجأة.. اسودت السماء
وعصفت الريح باردة.. حتى
سجناء في بيوتنا

السواد جللنا
ووحيد ئن سافرنا
بدون أهل ولا أصحاب
خلال الدخان الأسود.. سافرنا
خلال الشوارع المزدحمة
في مدن كبيرة غريبة.. تنقلنا
في بيوت الغرباء... اختبأنا
بعيدين ... عن أحبابنا

لكن الريح الباردة العاصفة... حبيبتني
كالوحش الكاسر, تلاحقنا!
تهدد, تخرب, ترغي وتزبد
ولن تهدأ حتى تجدنا, ولو في الغيوم

*Written by Shawn White
Translated by Sadika Ramahi*